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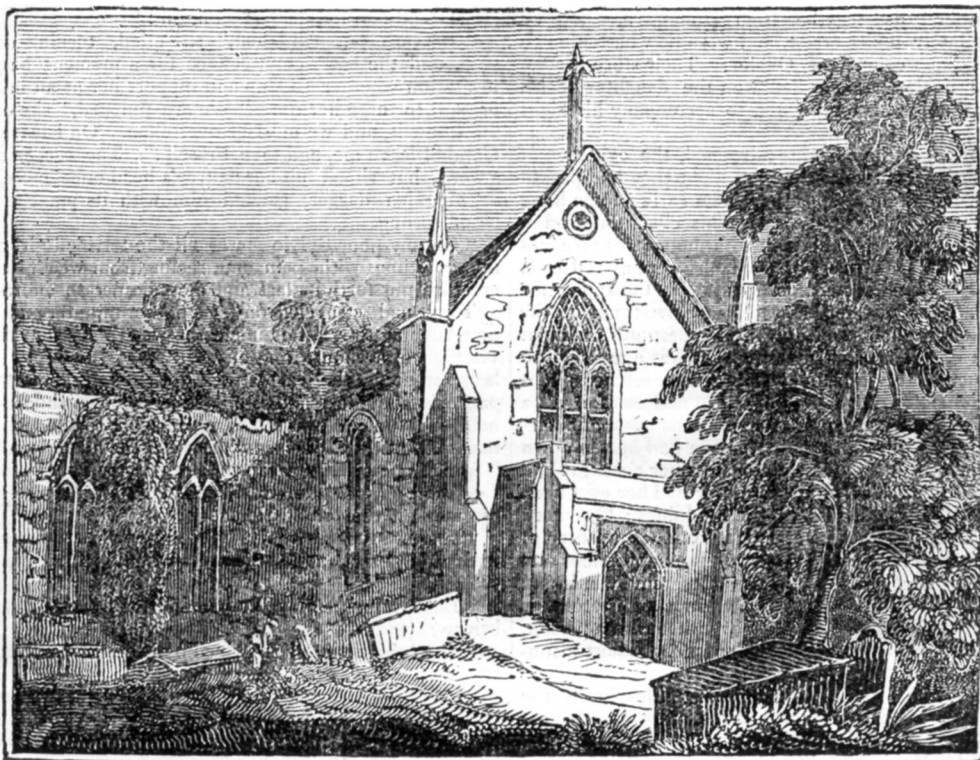
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kept a little shebeen-nouse, and dram-shop in the neighbouring town of Eyrecourt—God be good to him! But how strangely, sir, does the Providence above us dispense its favours. Some forty years ago, my poor father, Darby O'Madden, the lord have mercy on his soul, (he died of a broken heart) was the proprietor of a large estate; but now, *thank God!* I am almost a beggar, while the descendants of that man, who, not many years since, attended tiplers, and afterwards carried the pack on his back, as an itinerant pedlar, is now, as we hear, *please your honor, a justice* of the king's peace, in some neighbouring or other county. You see how the O'Moore's, of Cloghan, are buried there in yonder vault, without pomp or pageantry.—Their ould family required no such commendation!

There are many curious Latin epitaphs in this church, amongst which is that of John de Burgo, of Lismore, who died in 1746. A more recent and elegant monument, erected at a vast expense, by Mr. Martin, of Eyrecourt, to commemorate his son Robert, stands at the east-end of the church. The river Shannon is here romantically picturesque; being broken into rapid falls. On one side is a round tower, surrounded by three twenty-four pounders, and inhabited by military, one of whom civilly ferried me over the river Shannon, and on the other side, as if in quiet contrast, is an ancient and dismantled battery, crowned by the rude monastery before described. B.



ENTRANCE TO LISMORE CATHEDRAL.

In the 43d number of our Journal, with a correct engraving, we gave a detailed account of Lismore Castle, which formed for many years the episcopal residence of this place. Of the splendour of the ancient Cathedral, some idea may be formed from the entrance, of which the above is a correct representation. The original building was erected upwards of eight hundred years since; but being in a state of complete dilapidation, was, a few years since, taken down and rebuilt from the foundation, under the superintendence of Mr. Morrison, in a very chaste and beautiful style of architecture, so much so, that it is at present esteemed one of the handsomest churches to be seen in Ireland.

Popular tradition asserts, that two young Grecians, of royal blood, were educated in the college of Lismore, during the seventh century; and Mr. Ryland, in his History of Waterford, mentions that it is very generally believed that it was from Lismore the immortal Alfred derived the information and knowledge which has been the means of handing his name down to the present generation, as a truly wise, learned, and great man. In the castle of Lismore, Robert Boyle, the celebrated philosopher, was born in the year 1626.

"THE FORGET ME NOT."

Once again has our table been overspread with those elegant and entertaining little harbingers of the new year—the Annuals—decked out in all their varied ornament of embroidered silk, and gilded edgings; and containing numberless specimens of art and of literature, at once calculated to attract and please the eye, and gratify and inform the understanding. We purpose noticing them in suc-

cession, and as one much to our taste would, in the first instance, present our readers with the "Forget Me Not."

This beautiful little volume fully maintains its former high character. Were it not that it might appear invidious, we should have little hesitation in instituting a comparison between it and several of its rivals. The illustrations are very beautiful, as specimens of fine engraving; and from the subjoined brief extracts, our readers will themselves be able to form an opinion of its literary excellence. The first is an Irish story, but too justly descriptive of the manner in which party feelings have from time immemorial been allowed to divide and distract families, and prevent those connections which are so well calculated to promote harmony and good will among the people of any country—the other a right pleasant story, by the Ettrick Shepherd, touching our old friend, Monsieur Alexandre, whose fetes of ventriloquism have so frequently astonished the good people of this metropolis, and of the country at large.

THE BRIDGE OF TENACHELLE.

BY SAMUEL FERGUSON, ESQ.

The dawn of an autumn day was beginning to expose the havoc of a storm, the last gusts of which still shrieked through the stripped forests of Baun Regan, when two mounted fugitives appeared among its tangled and hag-gard recesses, urging their horses over the plashy brakes and cumbered glades at a speed which plainly told that they were flying for life or death. In the grey uncertain twilight, as they flitted, wavering and swift, from shadow,